

TENNESSEE FOLKLORE SOCIETY

BULLETIN

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FOLKLORE AND FOLKLORISTS IN PRINT

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It was in Germany that folklore first entered upon its scientific stage. One of the earliest symptoms of the awakening of a wider and more sympathetic interest in the various products of a nation's mind, its legends and its tales, its manners and its customs, its laws, government, religion, and daily life, was the appearance in 1778-9 of Herder's celebrated collection of popular songs. However, the new day was fairly ushered in by the successive publications of the brothers Grimm, more particularly of the HOUSEHOLD TALES (1812) and of the GERMAN MYTHOLOGY (1835). The latter work showed for the first time what results may be hoped for by an intelligent investigation, if only, laying aside all prejudice, he will put himself to the trouble of collecting largely and widely, and of interpreting faithfully and rationally, a nation's oral traditions and unwritten customs. (It is interesting to note that the Grimm brothers, to a large extent, collected this folklore from the mouths of old women in the spinning rooms of German villages.)

It was henceforth obvious that every mythology was a fit subject for scientific investigation, and capable of yielding scientific results. The problem in each case was to trace the nursery tale to the legend, and the legend to the myth, and the myth to its earliest germ, and as far as possible to indicate the foreign interpolations when they occurred, and account for the local accretions. In this way the history of a story, like the history of a word, was frequently found to be more interesting and more instructive than the history of a campaign.

Each nation and each locality has, of course, a folklore and it is obvious that to set forth any given folklore, with all its stratifications, in a comprehensive and orderly way, would virtually be equivalent to exhibiting fully the past and present intellectual, moral, religious, and social conditions of the people to whom it belonged. An exhaustive account of the folklores of the world would be equivalent to a complete history of the thoughts of mankind, since folklore has the inherent faculty of throwing light backward on the history of civilization.

In the last hundred years there has gradually developed a broadening of interest in folklore in most countries. It was not until the middle of the last century that folklore really attained the status of a science recognized by scholars generally in western Europe and America. In fact, it was only in 1846 that the term "traditions" or "popular antiquities" became "folklore" through the coinage of the word by W. J. Thoms, the English antiquary.

Not until the latter part of the last century did serious studies begin to be made by folklorists on a national scale and on a sustained basis. Then they began to analyze and classify myths, legends, spirituals, music and dances. The chief concern of many of the folklorists contemporary with the Grimm brothers was to trace the history of the human race through the scientific study of folklore. Other scholars, for more specific literary purposes, have analyzed, classified, and collected folk material. Since around 1900 there has developed a steadily growing interest in collecting folk expressions for their own values.

Since the publication of Max Muller's ESSAY ON COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY in 1856 the study of folklore has become fashionable and societies have been formed in most countries to further its study. Of these the most important is still the Folk-lore Society

of England, established in 1878, with its official organ, the FOLK-LORE JOURNAL. The American Folk-lore society was founded at Cambridge early in 1888 for the collection of the fast-vanishing remains of folklore in America and for the study of the general subject and the publication of results of special studies in this department.

The oldest professed collections of English folklore are those of Aubrey (MISCELLANIES, 1686) and Bourne (ANTIQUITATES VULGARES, 1725). The latter was incorporated by Brand in his OBSERVATIONS ON POPULAR ANTIQUITIES, 1777, republished by Sir Henry Ellis in 1813 and again in 1841. The EVERY-DAY BOOK of Hone appeared in 1826 and the YEAR BOOK in 1829. Sir Walter Scott, in his MINISTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER, 1802-3, began the study of folk songs.

The first great collection of ballads by an American was that made by Francis James Child. His ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS, 1857-58 and particularly his ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS, 1883-98 were planned to include every obtainable version of every extant English or Scottish ballad, with the fullest possible of related songs or stories in the popular literature of all nations. This great achievement seems destined to endure as long as the ballads themselves; few scholars have left so lasting a monument.

George Lyman Kittredge, a student and fellow worker of Child, ably carried on the Child tradition. He edited the final volume of the ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS. Kittredge was able to impart his own enthusiasm and many of his students became important folklorists.

No one could speak of folklore and folklorists in print without devoting some time to Joel Chandler Harris and his Uncle Remus. Harris' first job was a typesetter apprenticeship with Joseph Addison Turner, editor of the popular COUNTRYMAN, probably the



only newspaper ever printed on a southern plantation. Here at "Turnwold" Harris became immersed in the old regime - crooning negroes, yams in the ashes, etc., and from a chimney nook in the slave quarters, he listened to African legends of animal lore. After the end of the war he secured employment on several different newspapers, at last becoming connected with the ATLANTA CONSTITUTION where he worked for about 25 years. The series of Uncle Remus sketches and songs, which gave him an international reputation, were first printed in the CONSTITUTION.

George W. Harris contributed 25 sketches to the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES and Tennessee newspapers. These were collected in 1867 in book form and are known as SUT LOVINGOOD'S YARNS. Sut is a lanky, uncouth Tennessee mountaineer, who loves two things--corn whiskey and a joke. Hence come his humorous adventures in breaking up a wedding party, a quilting, and a negro funeral, and being blown up by scidnitz powders. His vivid, earthy dialect and tall tales come close to the true oral humor of the southwest frontier, and he foreshadowed Huckleberry Finn, whose adventures have been called parlor versions of Sut's crude pranks.

N. N. Puckett's FOLK BELIEFS OF THE SOUTHERN NEGRO is in essence a study in acculturation. However, it centers chiefly around folklore and superstition. Its aim is to present these negro folk beliefs, to show their origin whenever possible, and to indicate some of the general principles governing the transmission and content of folklore in general. In the preparation of this work some 10,000 beliefs were gathered, most of them coming from Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia - though material was obtained from every state. About two-thirds of these 10,000 beliefs were duplications and of the 3,500 or so retained, about 2,400 had never been published before.

One of the most important and interesting single volumes of American folklore is A TREASURY OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE by B. A. Botkin. Dr. Botkin was a pupil of George Lyman Kittredge from whom he probably received his yen for folk tales. In the TREASURY Botkin gives a new definition of folklore as "The stuff that travels and the stuff that sticks". The contents are divided into six parts as follows:

Part I	Heroes and Boasters
Part II	Boosters and Knockers
Part III	Jesters
Part IV	Liars
Part V	Folk Tales and Legends
Part VI	Songs and Rhymes

The above are a few of the hundreds of titles of folklore published by American publishers in the last half century. It may be interesting to note that since the turn of the century American publishers have brought out over 500 titles of folklore. About half of these were on American folklore.

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#### THE FOLKLORE OF EASTER

Easter does not come upon the same date nor even necessarily within the same month from year to year. The traditional placing of the Easter observance was established by the Pilgrims who journeyed sometimes long distances through the wilderness to the churches and accustomed places of worship making the light of the moon an essential factor in travel. Therefore the first Sunday after the full moon became the traditional date.

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### PIONEER SOCIAL LIFE IN OVERTON COUNTY \*

I was born in the year 1806, and it is therefore true that I have lived nearly three score and ten years in the bounds of Overton County and have a vivid recollection of a great many of the habits and customs of the early settlers.

I was here in the days of the hunting shirts, the moccasins, and the buckskin pants, all of which articles I have worn myself. I was here when the rifle was the constant companion of early settlers as he left his domicile and entered the woods. I was here in the days of log cabins and puncheon floors -- yes, and puncheon tables, for I first ate at a table that was made of board puncheon put upon logs. All our meals were eaten from pewter plates even among the best livers and what a pride our mothers took on Saturday evenings in scouring their pewter and having it all bright and shining. For those who could not afford pewter and tin Solomon Allred turned plates and bowls for them out of wood on the turning-lathe. Many families used this kind of tableware, for it was a long time before "delf-ware", as it was then called, was brought to this country. I was here when our mothers used to vie with each other in making the prettiest cotton frock; for that was the term used for dress in those days, and eyed each other very closely at church to see who had excelled. We had no buttons for our flax and cotton shirts; but our mothers had some inventive faculties, went to work, wrapped some thread around a goose-quill, slipped it off, and then worked it into a button with a needle. Pearl and ivory buttons were not known. For our coats, when we had any, we made some button-shapes out of pieces of gourd which our mothers covered with the same material as that of the garment.

As for pants buttons, we had some trouble. Not a little sole leather was used for that purpose. Some had instruments for cutting buttons out of horn through which a hole was then drilled.

Notwithstanding all this, the old settlers enjoyed themselves well. They all had plenty of hog and hominy, as the saying goes, and if any fell a little short, there was a great deal of hospitality in the country in those days. Some of the best livers enjoyed a cup of coffee on Sunday mornings.

Charles Sevier and James Dodson principally supplied the hats of the country, manufacturing them out of sheep's wool and coon's fur. Josiah Copeland furnished the saddles making the trees and covering them. Paul Chapin was the principal blacksmith. Some of the best farmers raised some wheat, large fields of rye, and large flax patches; and when harvest time came around, all the neighbors were asked to come in on a certain day with their families. The men brought their reaphooks, for grain cradles were little known in those days. When assembled, the men went to the grain fields to reap

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\* This information is reported by Captain J. R. Copeland of Livingston to the Honorable A. V. Goodpasture and was included in a Centenary Address delivered by the latter in the courthouse in Livingston in May, 1876. The item is furnished the Bulletin by Cleo McGlasson of Cookeville.

the grain while the boys and girls repaired to flax patches where each lad usually chose some rosy-cheeked lass to pull flax by his side. All went to work in earnest. At the close of the day, the work ended, all was good cheer with a big helping of egg-nog for good measure.

If men had fallings-out in those days, the knife or pistol was not thought of; but if a collision did occur, it was entirely fisticuff. To boast of one's prowess in those days was to challenge an adversary to make good such claim.

A circle was drawn and seconds were chosen just to make certain that all went in accordance with the "code of honor".

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#### Witnesses Execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister \*

Andrew Jackson has now been dead some one hundred years. The prejudice which once accompanied a too close perspective is rapidly passing. Some very fine books and biographical materials have recently appeared on Jackson. These began with our own John Trotwood Moore's defense in "Hearts of Hickory". Then came the Dayton trial attended by Marquis James as a reporter for the New Orleans Picayune. It was during this brief stay in East Tennessee that Marquis James discovered some new leads for a life of Sam Houston which resulted in the Pulitzer Prize biography, "The Raven". The study of Houston led to a parallel study of "Andrew Jackson, Border Captain" published in 1933.

All of this calls to mind an incident which had to do with Jackson in relationship to those who served under him. After the close of the War of 1812, Spanish freebooters, Irish reust-a-bouts, Scotch free-lancers, and run-a-way slaves, who were falsely informed that the Treaty of Ghent would vindicate certain imagined rights, composed a nondescript lot who were ready for any undertaking which promised excitement, revenge, and booty.

Gathering such a group about him, one Nicholls built a fort on the Appalachicola, fifteen miles from the Gulf, and then undertook to secure the backing of the Spanish government, in which he was disappointed. But a Scotch traitor, Alexander Arbuthnot, with the assistance of Robert Ambrister, encouraged this lawless group into thinking that they had the sympathy of the British.

Then followed Andrew Jackson's efforts at raising troops for his Florida Campaign, and, with the Rhea letter, went to Florida in 1818 not only to quell the Seminoles but to establish the sovereignty of the United States. His object was to capture Pensacola, St. Marks, St. Augustine, and the chieftain leaders. His success was as complete as it was rapid. All objects were obtained.

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\* This account is taken principally from the official papers and the diary of General Rodgers now in the possession of his great-granddaughter, Mrs. E. G. Rogers.



Jackson's punishment of leaders was without impunity. Arbuthnot was arrested at St. Marks on April 7. A few days later Ambrister was captured on a vessel in the Gulf near the mouth of Swanee River. On the morning of April 29, both were executed, the former hanged, the latter shot.

Colonel John B. Rodgers, later promoted to the rank of General in the Mexican War, was staff officer under Jackson in the Florida campaign. Let us turn to him as a witness as to what took place. He saw the capture of Arbuthnot at St. Marks. He was with Lieutenant Gadsden (later Minister to Mexico) in pursuit of Ambrister's vessel down Swanee river, following it through fog to the Gulf, where Ambrister was taken in charge.

Colonel Rodgers with his own hands captured many valuable papers sought to be destroyed by Captain Louis, the commander after capture; which was of great importance to General Jackson, and for which the General complimented and thanked him, as it, in some degree, enabled the General to shorten the campaign; and which, in all probability, cost Ambrister his life. These facts were corroborated by Jackson, Capt. McIver, and others.

On April 29, 1818, the day of the execution, as the drummer was assembling the executioners to their places, Robert Ambrister, who had taken a liking to Colonel Rodgers, handed him his sash as he remarked; "I have heard the drum on every quarter of the globe and now for the last time, and please accept this (the sash) as a token of my regard for your kindness".

Colonel Rodgers was later discharged at Columbia, Tennessee, returning to his home at Rock Island. It was during the Civil War that General Wheeler destroyed General Rodgers' home, mutilated his possessions, and carried away the sash, along with other valuables. It has recently been reported that the sash, along with the military uniform of General Rodgers, is now preserved in the Public Museum in Memphis, Tennessee.

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#### Jackson's "Tea Set" Recalls Battle of New Orleans \*

Seven miles north of Sparta, Tennessee, lives Alonzo Burgess, whose wife was the grand-daughter of Samuel Denton. It was Samuel Denton who, as a merchant and an exporter of cotton from the South, furnished the cotton bales for the breastworks of Andrew Jackson at New Orleans.

When Denton became much alarmed concerning the above said use of his cotton, he went to Jackson who was a close friend to see what might be done about it, whereupon Jackson kindly but unmistakably advised said Denton to procure a rifle and assist in its defense against the British.

After the Battle of New Orleans was won, Denton was presented

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\* E. G. Rogers, from a personal interview with Alonzo Burgess, now deceased.

at Jackson's request, upon his next visit to London, a tea set "to the glory of Andrew Jackson". This beautiful tea set, which was hand-made and decorated in solid gold, each separate piece representing a different king or queen of England with his or her accompanying coat-of-arms, is now among the interesting collections of Mr. Burgess.

The set was last used at a tea given in honor of "Dick" Mitchell, father of J. R. Mitchell, Congressman from Cookeville, when Mr. Mitchell was married at the home of a Mr. Torry, father of Mrs. Burgess.

Upon General Lafayette's visit to this state at the invitation of Andrew Jackson, the former was entertained in the home of Samuel Denton. The silk which was used as portiers to decorate the bedroom of Lafayette was made into two quilts by Mrs. Denton, one of which was given to a daughter, Mrs. Fisk, and the other to Mrs. Torry, mother of Mrs. Burgess.

Mrs. Sara Emilino Burgess is deceased, but the quilt with the tea set were shown to the writer by Mr. Burgess. Red Lynn, brother-in-law of Mr. Burgess, possesses a trunk which Samuel Denton carried with him on the occasion of seven different visits to Europe. Mr. Lynn lives at Polham in Coffee County.

Samuel Denton who was originally a merchant of New York became eminently connected with the development of Tennessee and of the South. Records show that in 1809 Samuel Denton received a track of land "lying on the Caney Fork of Cumberland river in Sumner county" from one Josiah Knapp of Boston in the amount of 44,160 acres for a consideration of \$240.04. There being only two counties in Middle Tennessee at that time, Samuel Denton's track and later his home were within the present bounds of White County.

In 1813 a portion of this land was transferred in the amount of 13,984 acres to William Little for the consideration of \$8,096.00. In 1820 Denton was living in White County. Denton built the "Rock House", an inn on the old stage road across the Cumberlands.

Records of 1824 show that Denton took a lien on 60 salt kettles belonging to the "Clear Fountain Salt Works" on the Calfkiller river securing an obligation of the latter favoring Anthony Vanlean and Co. of Nashville in the amount of \$752, which Salt Works was on property now owned by Tom Graham, being destroyed by Union soldiers during the Civil War.

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Wheeler and Ferguson Destroy Property  
of  
General John B. Rodgers \*

In the fall of September, 1863, when the Yankees had possession of McMinnville, Tenn., father, General John B. Rodgers, came back to us. He brought a lot of clothes for us and the negroes, enough to start a small store. He told Ma that if she had more than she could use, she could exchange with the neighbors for

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\* Refer to note at end of story.

chickens, eggs, etc., but which unfortunately was not enough to supply our needs. This she did, and it got noised abroad that we had those things.

One dark, drizzling night about eleven o'clock we were in bed when we heard a noise on the porch; then someone pounded on the door with a saber, saying, "Open the door quick, or we will break it down". Ma sprang from the bed, pulled on her wrapper, lighted a lamp and opened the door. About thirty men came in. Some were dressed in blue Yankee clothes, others were dressed in Rebel gray; while some had on citizens' clothes. A motley crew, withal! Ma said, "Gentlemen, what do you want?" They answered, "We heard you had some new goods here and we want them quick!" Ma had to give up all the things father had sent us.

Ma was so frightened that she let them in before I could get my clothes on, so I had to finish before them, but I guess they were used to such sights. Well, they went through every trunk, drawer, closet and every corner, taking not only the new goods, but everything they could lay their hands on from shoes to hats. One fellow picked up my hoop-skirt and started off with it when another one said, "You fool! You can't carry that thing on horseback. Then he threw it down. They acted like a pack of hungry dogs. They went to the linen closet, took sheets and pillow cases and filled them full. They took our jewelry, silver, thimbles, scissors and clothes until we hardly had anything left. I slipped a little of my jewelry into my dress pocket, and Ma gave her gold watch and chain to a little negro girl and told her to run out in the dark and stay until they were gone, which she did. One man saw her and gave chase, but as the night was dark and she was so black, he lost her, and Ma's watch was saved. One man came from brother's room playing a dismal tune on Jim's violin, which he took away. Ma dropped a few silver spoons in the grass; but as we had no notice of their coming until they were upon us, we saved very little. They could be traced for miles by the things they dropped on the road. They took father's Brigadier General's coat, with big epaulets on the shoulders. They must have "cut a pretty figure" strutting around the mountains with it on. How fine those robber's wives must have felt dressed in our silk dresses and furs, and nice coats. Ma had a velvet coat that came almost to the bottom of her dress. Father had brought me a new hat and a silk dress. When they took my silk dress from my trunk, I caught hold of it and said, "Please leave this one for me". But the Captain jerked it away saying, "Not so fast if you please miss," and gave me such a scowl that I said nothing more to him. They were there for about two hours, and we were glad when they left that they had not killed us.

They were robbers of the first degree, but called themselves Confederate soldiers. I tried to get the men to tell their Captain name, but they would not. We learned later that he was the notorious Champ Ferguson, a highway robber and murderer. In the winter of 1863, while we were living in Nashville, Champ Ferguson was captured, tried and hanged. Ma and I were called upon as witnesses to his being a robber, as he was the leader of the "gang" who robbed us; and, had he found my father or brothers, he would have killed them. One witness, a Miss Wood, testified to his kil-



ling her father in bed. He was an old man and was not well. She showed the holes in the shirt the knife had made when he was stabbed. Her father said, "Champ, you are not going to kill me! I have trotted you on my knee many a time." Champ answered, "Yes, I am, you are a d---m Union man". They proved he had killed over so many in cold blood. I was terribly frightened for fear he would escape and come and kill us.

My little brother, Will, ran to the woods, where he stayed until daylight. Brother James was out in the mountains where he had been for months past, ever since they came to conscript him for the Southern army. They took men from sixteen to sixty years.

Two or three days before this robbery, Rebel General Wheeler had dashed into McMinnville and captured five hundred Yankees under Maj. Patterson, left to guard the town. They tore up some Union men's property, ours the worst, for it was reported that father was fighting against them.

Ma had taken the Ben Hill House and fitted it up, and sent some of the servants down there to do the work while Genl. Vanclove was there, so that father could have a safe place to stay. It was dangerous for any Union man to live out in the country. Uncle Archie and four or five boys were there; but when they heard that Wheeler's men were coming, they ran to the country and hid. The men thought it would do no good for them to stay, and it would not. Fortunately my father returned North when Vanclove's division left, so there was no one at the house but the negroes. Our best things had been sent down for safe keeping, and they smashed up things in fine style. They broke looking glasses, marble-top tables, wash-stands, bureaus, and everything that would break. They pulled down pictures, breaking the frames, and smacking bayonets through the eyes. I do not believe they would have done so much harm if Ma had been there to talk to them; but she and I, (also Aunt Sally) were at our country home, Rock Island. Wheeler's men only stayed a few hours, for Yankee Genl. Wilder was after them "full tilt". But they were there long enough to demolish our property.

Ma had gone down to McMinnville, thirteen miles, to see the ruin wrought there by Wheeler's men, and had just come back that eve to Rock Island when the robbers came and finished us up. Suppose he had not gotten back that night, and Will and I, with some of the negroes, had been there alone! I should have fled to the woods with Will.

The piano was at Rock Island, therefore, unharmed as the robbers there did not have time to destroy, only to carry off all they could on their horses. (Note: About thirty-five years later, this same piano was sent to us in Tampa, Florida.)

After we were twice robbed Ma moved what little we had to McMinnville, and deserted the country home. Soon after we moved to town two regiments of Yankee infantry, the 19th Michigan, and the 23rd Missouri, were stationed there; and as we were in a very destitute condition, Ma boarded a number of the soldiers, and we got along very comfortably for some months. Then President Lincoln appointed my father one of three U. S. Direct Tax Commissioners for Tennessee, with headquarters at Nashville. We rented a large furnished house and Ma boarded the other two Commissioners, Mr. Smith and wife of Washington, D. C. and Col. E. P. Ferry, his wife and two children, of Waukegan, Michigan. After the war, he was Survey General of Washington Territory. General Hood besieged the city of Nashville while we were there, but thank the Lord, did not succeed in taking it, although he took father's fine riding horse, Dave, at Cousin Thomas McCampbell's, just out of the city.



Now I must go back to the fall of 1863 when Genl. Vancleave's division came to McMinnville. He formed scouting parties to catch Rebel soldiers and sympathizers and bring them in to take Oath of Allegiance to the United States. If they would not take it, they were sent North and kept confined. They also took horses that were useful for service, giving vouchers for them. If the owner could prove loyalty, he got paid; if not, he lost his horses. Col. Dwight Jarvis of the 13th regiment O. V. L., was made chief of scouts. He was twenty-eight years old, with a fine physique, and as brave a soldier as ever lived. He had been scouting for some weeks when he came to Rock Island on the evening of September. He left the greater portion of his men camped in our orchard, telling them not to molest a thing there; for he had been told that the man was a Union man, and had been driven from his home by the Rebels on that account. Then he took a number of picked men and started for White County. They had to cross the ferry. When they got on the flat boat with their horses, it was very much crowded. Old Austin, our negro ferryman, told them to keep perfectly quiet and not to let any of the horses drink over the sides. But one of the soldiers disobeyed, as it was dark, and let the horse drink. The boat immediately filled with water, and down they all went about ten feet. The boards on the bottom of the boat were left loose so the ferryman could take them up and bail the water out of the boat. Consequently, men, horses and boards were all mixed up together; but no one was seriously hurt, and all recovered their horses. The Colonel's horse swam across the river to the VanBuren side; the others were on the White County side; and they started for the Warren Co. shore, because two rivers and three counties came together there. The Colonel feared he had lost his horse and his pistols, but he thought he would try calling to his horse. He did so, and the horse answered him, plunged into the river, and swam back to him. Of course they were all wet as water could make them so they went up to an old vacant cabin, in which the ferryman used to live, and now owned by my father, where they made a fire and spent the night. Next morning they came back over the ferry and called at the house to get a bite to eat. Ma invited the officers into the dining room for breakfast, but she could not find the Colonel. In the meantime I had stepped out on the side porch where he had spied me. He came up and asked me for a drink of water which I could not refuse him. There Ma found him and invited him in to breakfast; but he thanked her, saying that he had just come from the kitchen where the cook, (Aunt Becky) had given him a cup of coffee, a piece of cornbread, and some bacon. I had no idea he was an officer as he did not have any "shoulder straps" visible, and wore a large felt hat which nearly covered him, such as the planters of the South used to wear. That was my first sight of Colonel Dwight Jarvis, of the 13th Regiment, O. V. L., but not the last, as you will see later. It seems that "Cupid" took advantage of him that day, but that he did not direct his full strategy toward me until some time later.

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- \* The following account is taken from the "Memoirs of Mrs. Dwight Jarvis", daughter of General John B. Rodgers, and whose mother was a first cousin to Dolly Madison and also whose maternal grandfather was Capt. John Brown, an officer in Marquis de LaFayette's bodyguard at Valley Forge in 1777, and a drillmaster under Baron Von Steuben. This unprinted manuscript is now in the possession of Mrs. E. G. Rogers of Athens.
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### Lafayette Celebration Recalls Story \*

On Sunday, May 20, each year, special honors are paid to Lafayette who first came to America as a youth of 19 to offer his sword for the defense of the colonies and who, as a veteran of 67, again arrived in New York on August 16, 1824, at the invitation of the President and Congress to receive more substantial honors than mere public applause. Although he made a somewhat more extended visit to America than he had planned, even then he had not exhausted the nation's hospitality.

Among the honors paid him was an invitation extended to Lafayette by Jackson to visit Nashville. This chanced to be one of his most pleasant visits while in America. Tennessee had planned a signal occasion. The trip was made up the Cumberland River by boat.

The following story, taken from a diary and papers kept by Gen. John B. Rodgers, gives an interesting insight into the occasion of his reception. Governor Carroll had appointed General Rodgers, a friend of Jackson who had served Jackson in the Florida Campaigns and in the Indian wars, as commander of the guard of honor which was to meet the Marquis down the river and bring him into the city. Sam Houston, another staunch friend of Jackson, was a member of this guard.

On a morning in May pending the visit of General Lafayette to the city of Nashville, the military gave the Marquis a camp field breakfast, after which the troops passed in military review. Lafayette, having received a damage in the hip by a fall on the ice at the time he tried to escape from his prison at Almutz, in Austria, was so crippled that he had to have help to stand on his feet pending the review; and necessarily had his arm over General Rodgers' shoulder.

After the command passed, General Rodgers remarked to Lafayette that the review reminded him of an incident that he had from his grandfather's own mouth, which was that he was an officer in the life guard of the Marquis at Valley Forge, in 1777. The Marquis asked the General the name of the grandfather. The answer was, Captain Brown, a drillmaster under Baron Stouben. "I had no expectation, when I came to America, of meeting an officer, a Colonel commanding my escort, the grandson of a Revolutionary officer that did duty in my guard, near my person in 1777."

Tears came to the eyes of the Marquis as well as to the eyes of Colonel Polk, late President, then the aid of the Governor, and others. When the Marquis parted with General Rodgers, he left a complimentary farewell note--autograph attached.

This note, as well as the silk sash presented to the General by Robert C. Ambrister, on the morning of his execution at St. Mary (April 29, 1818), were destroyed by General Wheeler during a raid upon the home of General Rodgers at Rock Island, Tennessee, in 1860.

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\* From diary and papers kept by General John B. Rodgers

RECOLLECTIONS OF TELlico PLAINS \*

Monroe County may boast of the beautiful Tellico River. At a point where it leaves the Coco Creek Mountain is situated the beautiful Plains, which in the early days of lower East Tennessee were a very important settlement. It was at this point that the early settlers went for their castings and charcoal. This iron was of a superior quality for all domestic purposes. Being malleable and soft, it could be easily worked into horseshoes, horse-shoe nails, gun barrels, gun locks, etc., from large hammered crude bars.

Judge Johnson became principal owner and operator of the mine many years before our Civil War, and soon after the beginning of the war leased it to H. B. Latrobe, agent for the Confederate States to furnish cannon shot and shell for the army.

At the same time your narrator became general superintendent of the mines with a force of from 100 to 350 men, many of whom later went to Kentucky and joined the Federal army.

General Sherman's forces finally captured the plant and with it about \$300,000 in Confederate and private property consisting of provisions, cattle, horses, hogs, and everything movable or destructible.

The iron works had not yet, under the new management, been started, but were nearly ready. Having had the plant overhauled and rebuilt, it would soon have greatly facilitated the Confederate in war equipment.

Rev. B. Hunt, a man of considerable wealth and great eccentricities, lived near the Plains at that time. He said that he could prove by both the Old and New Testaments that the Southern Confederacy would finally triumph. Mr. Hunt was a man of advanced age and much observation, and died lamented by a large family and many friends.

The McDermont's and Henderson's were prominent among the first settlers, from which families many distinguished sons and daughters have descended.

Buck Miller was at that time an influential mountaineer mine owner. Illiterate, it is true; nevertheless, a man whose career did much to better the morals of the Plains and surrounding mountain country.

Tellico River, rising in the mountains of North Carolina and rushing from thousands of transparent springs, was in former years a Cherokee Indian paradise. These grand old mountains then abounded with bear, deer, turkeys, and all smaller wild animals. The sparkling streams were filled with the speckled trout, even yet much

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\* Written by T. F. Gibson, deceased, a former operator of the mine. This account is furnished by Harold Shell, Tennessee Wesleyan student, from his file of family historical materials around 1900.



appreciated by the surviving palofaces.

The Indian name of Tellico was "Teloqua", by which was meant Our Own Earthly Paradise. After these Indians were driven from this country to a place in Arkansas, they named their council ground "Teloqua", which place is now their capital, thus showing their attachment for the present Tellico Plains.

The iron ore about the Plains is the finest and most durable to be found perhaps in the United States. As to what the supply may be is unknown. The ores used in the old furnace seventy-five years ago, of more recent years have been taken only from the surface. No deep excavations have ever been made; consequently, some exports have been fearful about the quantity, believing it to be insufficient, while others think it is inexhaustible.

The Coco Creek gold mines are found near Tellico River, and have been worked for at least one hundred years, with varying success. Surface and placer gold have been found on an area of at least ten miles square. On every acre of this land small particles of gold are to be found, but not in paying quantities.

Very little up-to-date mining has been done there, but mostly by shovel and pan and on the surface only. When a few feet is dug, slate is found and the find of precious metal ceases. Many years ago the surface mining paid handsomely.

The writer heard the Hon. Thomas Calloway say only a few days before his death at White Cliff Springs that the first \$3,000 he ever had he and a negro boy dug out near Coco Creek in a very short time.

This territory was many years ago laid off in gold lots of twenty acres each and was bought in large blocks by many old citizens of this and other states. Among them were Thomas Calloway, J. H. Johnston, Judge T. M. Vanduke, William Schorn, A. M. McKelvin, Thomas Cooper, Benton Henegar, and many others, most of whom have gone to the world beyond.

Mining by the whites was done in these mines long before this country came into the possession of our people and when it was yet owned by the Cherokee Indians, who did not seem to know or care anything about it. We yet have many traditions about Indians owning and working mines in various places throughout East Tennessee all of which is absurd. They never knew one metal from another; neither did they have any money, except what was obtained by the whites.

Much prospecting has been done in recent years, but with what success I cannot say, by Peter Kern, James Curd, W. F. Jones, James Boyd, Mike Witt and others scattered over the Coco Creek gold field.

W. T. Jones has discovered near Athens fine indications of silver, lead, copper and zinc, and will about the first of May have at work up-to-date machinery to probe his discovery. He has also found indications of salt which he desires more fully to develop. Mr. Jones is very sanguine and believes he is on the eve of the discovery of millions in heretofore hidden wealth.

As an agricultural country the land, as a rule, is very poor, but for Irish potatoes, cabbage, tobacco, peas and apples it is purely good.

Coco Creek was named for an Indian family who once lived there and called their names Co Co. Tradition says the young squaws of this family were very beautiful. Tales of their fondness for their pale-faced admirers and their beauty would make room for a book which would be more of fact than fiction.



Louis Phillippe, King of France,  
Visits Tellico Plains

When, in 1793 his father was convicted of conspiracy by the Government of France, Louis Phillippe succeeded to the title of Duke of Orleans. He was in a plot to overthrow the first French Republic, in 1793, and was forced to leave France. Under an assumed name, he went to Switzerland. His two younger brothers had been in prison for some time. In 1796, the Directory of France, through his mother, offered to release his two younger brothers on condition that he should go to America, where he should be joined by his brothers.

Accompanied by his faithful servant, Boudoin, he sailed from Hamburg in October, 1796. Weak and pallid from long imprisonment, he arrived and settled in Philadelphia where, in February, he was joined by his brothers, the Duke of Montpensier, and Count Beaujolais.

Philadelphia was at that time the seat of the Federal Government and our visitors were presented to President Washington. He heard his farewell address and witnessed the inauguration of John Adams. Washington invited them to visit Mt. Vernon, which they did. The retired president also invited them to accompany him on an excursion to the falls of the Potomac. While they were at Mount Vernon, they told Washington that they would like to visit the Western Country. Washington took an early edition of Bradley's map and marked out a route with red ink. This was a route that he himself would have chosen in order to get a view of the beautiful states of Tennessee and Kentucky just recently admitted into the union. Louis kept this map and later, when he was King of the French, showed it to Americans who called on him.

Their party traveled horseback down the Shenandoah Valley through Winchester to the valley of the Holston. When Louis landed in this country, he threw off his assumed name and traveled as Mr. Orleans. At Holston, Colonel Arthur Campbell gave him a letter of introduction to a relative in Knoxville, Judge David Campbell, as follows:

Washington, Virginia  
April 24, 1797

Sir: The bearer, Mons'r de Orleans and his two brothers are now on their travels in America and may take Knoxville on their way to Kentucky. I know it will be sufficient to induce our civilities that they are Frenchmen. They are sons of a friend of the American Revolution, and are now making a tour through the interior of the United States merely for improvement and to pass off the time until the storm somewhat subsides in their own country. A trip to Tellico Block House may be a matter of curiosity to them. In that case you may furnish them with a pilot or a necessary passport. I am sir with great regards -- Your obedient servant,

Arthur Campbell

On the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina they stopped with James Campbell. The food at the inns was so scanty that they were about famished by the time they reached Mrs. Armstrongs, who built the first brick house in Hawkins County, Virginia. They crossed the Holston River and found themselves in a land of wild turkeys, deer, partridges, and blue pigeons. The scenery was beautiful, but our visitors were becoming homesick because of the

cooking.

They had now reached Tennessee. They were in a rugged country. They stopped at Rogersville. This was a lonely and desolate land and they were hungry and weary when they reached the little town of Knoxville, then five years old. They counted one hundred houses. The next day, Sunday, April 30, they called on Governor John Sevier and then set out for Maryville on the dividing ridge between the Little River and the Tennessee. This country was beautiful. At Tellico Plains Blockhouse he ate his first wild turkey, something he never forgot. The white settlers of the section turned out in large numbers to see them. Announcement of their arrival appeared in the Knoxville Gazette, May 1, 1797:

"Arrived in Knoxville three sons of the Duke of Orleans.

At the age of fourteen the eldest commanded one of the wings of Dumouriers' army at the famous battle of Jemappes, and the two younger sons were imprisoned for forty-three months by the French Government of Marseilles."

They dined with the Chief of the Cherokees. One day he fell from his horse and bled so much that he was forced to stay a short time there. He was asked to operate on an old chief, who improved so rapidly that the greatest honor the tribe could give was voted him, one never offered a white man before, which he could not decline without giving mortal offense. He was to sleep in the family wigwam of the chief, on the family mat in the highest place of honor, between the grandmother and grand aunt. His brothers made so much fun of him, he wished the operation had turned out differently.

While at Tellico a game of ball was played by the Indians. It guaranteed six gallons of brandy to the winner. They were escorted to the game by the drums of a large number of Indians.

The dresses of the squaws were made entirely of European stuff. They smoked many queer pipes and ate many queer dishes. Judge David Campbell accompanied them upon their departure to the junction of the Holston and Tennessee. There were rumors of an Indian outbreak and they were urged to travel under protection, but declined.

They crossed the mountains and the Obey River which was so swollen that their horses swam it with difficulty. On May 7, they crossed the Cumberland Mountains and, on May 8, were on the bank of Cumberland River. Old Fort Blount was about to be rebuilt. To them the country seemed famine stricken. Some smoked bear's grease and Indian corn was served them. At last they came to the home of Maj. Tilman Dixons (now Dixon Springs). They were served coffee which was a luxury. They had two good beds for the four of them.

On May 9, they entered Bledsoe's lick (now Sumner County) eighteen miles from Major Dixon's.

On May 10, they arrived in Nashville just in time for dinner. Nashville was a little town smaller than Knoxville. They stayed at Captain Jessie Maxwell's House. (now Maxwell House Hotel) They were introduced to General James Robertson but did not see Andrew Jackson. Mr. Orleans had dealings with him later when he became king of France, and Jackson was President. Jackson won his esteem, however, so much so that Louis sent the artist Healy to paint the portrait of Jackson for the palace at Versailles in 1800 just one month before Jackson's death.

It was court week in Nashville and one bed had to do for three of them. It was said to be impossible to get good liquors on the road from Nashville to Louisville, so a tin canteen was filled with the best of whiskey and strapped to his neck. They made their

way to Nigra Falls and back to Philadelphia, which point they reached in June. Early in 1798, they went by rivers from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, passing Chickasaw Bluffs (now Memphis). They finally reached England in 1800. Later in 1830, when he was king of France, the Bonapartists forced him to leave France. He was aided in escaping to England by George Featherslonhaugh, who had traveled with him in the Tennessee Country. He found great pleasure in asking him, "Do they still sleep three in a bed in Tennessee? Is good whiskey to be had now between Nashville and Louisville, or does one have to carry it in a canteen strapped to his neck?"

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#### Superstitions Now Settle Over Tellico Plains \*

In New York a wealthy banker and his family resided. In this family were a son and daughter. The daughter married, and for some unknown reason, her husband and brother fought a duel. The son-in-law was killed, and the son ran away from home. After hunting for him for some time, his father found him with the Cherokee Indians in the Tellico Mountains of Tennessee. Knowing that he could not go back to New York, his father wanted him to have a home.

During the Revolutionary War, John Sevier had built a block house on the Tellico River. Together with the Indians, the banker and his son tore down the block house and, out of the material, built what is now known as "The Mansion". The house was put together entirely with pegs, and all the mirrors were casted from Boston. There was a secret passage-way leading from The Mansion to the Tellico River where a canoe was kept ready at all times should the authorities learn of the son's being there and come for him. The house, as it now stands, has eight rooms, large porches and halls, and is surrounded by beautiful shrubbery. As all houses are sold in their time, The Mansion was sold from one person to another.

Years passed until a Colonel Harford came to America from England. While in middle Tennessee, he married, and from his wife's uncle he bought The Mansion. Colonel and Mrs. Harford are the parents of Mrs. Marion Carson, head of the Ladies' Ready-To-Wear Department of Proffitts' Department Store in Athens, Tennessee. Mrs. Carson tells this story about The Mansion which they now use as their summer home.

"Last spring Colonel Harford went into the yard and picked some rosebuds. His wife arranged them in a silver bowl and placed them on the dining room table. The next morning the roses were gone, but the bowl of water remained where it had been placed. Since Colonel and Mrs. Harford were the only occupants of the house she inquired of him, 'To whom did you give the roses?' He replied 'No one.' This happened for three consecutive nights. Each night

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\* This story is reported by Miss Bonnie Caudell of Friczo, Virginia, student at Tennessee Wesleyan.



the roses were counted, and one dozen was placed in the container on the same table; and each morning the roses were gone, but the bowl remained. On the fourth morning, which was on Saturday, one rose remained and the bowl had been placed in the middle of the floor. On Saturday night, Mrs. Carson and her friend, Mrs. Bayless, who works at Force Hospital in Athens went to The Mansion for the week-end. The story of the roses was told to them. Mrs. Bayless said that she was going to count the yellow rosebuds and put a secret under the bowl. Her secret was in the form of two slips of paper. On one slip she put her name and her address and on the other she put the paint of her rouged lips. All the windows and doors were locked. The next morning eleven roses and the two slips of paper were gone; one rose stood in all its glory. For ten nights the flowers disappeared in like manner, and to this day the mystery has gone unsolved."

This was told to me by Mrs. Lucille Anderson, matron at Lawrence Dormitory on Wesleyan Campus. It was told to her by Katherine Roberts, an employee of Proffitt's Department Store in Athens.

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#### Booster Trains

Since this issue of the Bulletin gives emphasis to a number of legendary and semi-historical materials, how many of us may recall the "booster trains" of a quarter of a century ago when, for a time, it was the annual practice of civic groups of the larger industrial cities to charter a special train or at least a special coach on some branch line railroad supporting the industries of the local area for a personal visit with each town and hamlet enroute? The boosters occasionally had with them a small brass band with which quickly to assemble the local population wherever a stop might be made. This was met usually by some self-appointed welcoming committee of enterprising business men and by the mayor of incorporated towns. Following this brief period of gustatory appraisal, members of the booster group would then distribute among that portion of the crowd consisting chiefly of women and children their glittering but worthless trinkets which were gullibly accepted as souvenirs of some not-too-distant city which they might some day, though much less elaborately, have opportunity to visit.

It might also be recalled here that the railroads performed another service where even the speediest ambulance might seem a little slow today. The writer recalls the occasion in one small Tennessee town of a special coach being sent to convey an appendectomy patient some one hundred miles to the nearest hospital. This was a luxury, of course, to be afforded only by the well-to-do. All the others died naturally of cramp colic.

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### Notations From Your Memory Book

Verses and rhymes set down in memory books and appended to personal notes by schoolmates, lovers, and friends may or may not within a few years take on a characteristic quaintness as the following examples will indicate. The first was written in the copybook of Mrs. L. M. M. by a schoolmate about forty-five years ago:

Remember me when at the tub,  
Remember me how hard you rub;  
And if the water is too hot,  
Cool it and forget me not.

The second example was written by a friend in the diary of a "forty-niner", a Mr. F. E. Johnson of Marshall County, Tennessee:

I wish you health,  
I wish you wealth,  
I wish you golden store.  
I wish you heaven after death;  
I cannot wish you more.

We invite our readers to send us other examples of the above making same an acknowledgement of our privilege of using them unless such privilege be otherwise specifically withheld.

E. G. R.

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### To Authors And Publishers

The following letter is being passed on for the benefit of our readers and further to emphasize the desirability of these mediums of exchange in the publicizing of important folk material. The letter is being printed at the request of your editor and with the permission of Mrs. McDowell:

December 12, 1945

Mrs. L. L. McDowell  
Smithville, Tennessee

Dear Mrs. McDowell:

If you could send to me the current publications of the Tennessee Folklore Society, I would be glad to see that they are reviewed in our Western Folklore (University of California Press).

If you have not already done so, you will soon receive a copy of Dr. George F. Jackson's favorable review of your recent book, Memory Melodies.

Cordially yours,  
Lavett J. Davidson  
Department of English  
University of Denver  
Denver, Colorado

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### The Leading Article

The leading article in this issue of the Bulletin is written by Professor Clarence P. Snelgrove, librarian at Tennessee Polytechnic Institute, Cookeville, Tennessee. Mr. Snelgrove's paper summarizes here an address which he recently made before the annual meeting of The Tennessee Folklore Society on "Folklore And Folklorists in Print".

Mr. Snelgrove is building up in the library at Tennessee Tech not only a representative collection of folk materials but a collection as well in which folklore students generally may be interested.

Mr. Snelgrove returned to Tennessee Tech last year after extensive service in the Navy as a commissioned officer.

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### Book Review

David Ewen: Songs of America, Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, New York, 1947, \$5.00.

"Songs of America" by David Ewen is a record of the songs of men as they went about their labors in the building of America. They not only sang of their experiences, hopes, and fears, but put something of themselves into their songs.

There are eight different periods illustrated in the fifty-eight different songs of this collection. Emphasis is given in turn to the early political period of men free in spirit, struggling for freedom, of the American Revolution, of new frontiers, of the work men did, of the mountaineers, of the sea, and of the Negro. "It is a panorama in which the tensions, the fevers, the fads and the fancies, and the great dramatic moments of the nation are caught and reflected in the mirror of song".

In early America singing was a diversion in the absence of other forms of recreation. The temper of the times was over reflected in song. For example, the opposition to taxes made popular the "Liberty Song" and "Yankee Doodle". William Billings published in 1710 his "The New England Psalm Singer". This collection of hymns with his later compositions give grounds for his acclaim as one of the most influential folk musicians. Among frontiersmen there was abundant repertory of song. Preserved by the walls of the Appalachian Mountain this folk music, much of which had European background, was made popular wherever men travelled or labored. Of such is "Barbara Allen", "Skip to My Lou", "Cumberland Gap", "The Shanty Man's Life", along with such spirituals as "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" and "All God's Chillun Got Wings".

The Negro's sense of harmony, melody, and rhythm is one of the most important steps in the development of American folk music. Songs, dances, spirituals, and crooning are some of their contributions. Examples are "Old Zip Coon", "Old Dan Tucker", "The Camp-town Races", and the "Old Folks at Home".

The Civil War with its attending race viewpoints emphasized "Dixie" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic". Then came the opening of the West with "Paddy Works on the Railroad", "The Old Chisholm Trail", "Home on the Range", and "John Henry", or the working man's tune of "Down in A Coal Mine", "Up in A Balloon", or "The Man on the Flying Trapeze". Then came minstrelsy, burlesque, and opera. Also appearing in the 1880's and 1890's was an interest in balladry in which audiences wept over songs of constancy, home and child, faithfulness

and desertion. From such came "Silver Threads Among the Gold", "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen", and "The Pardon That Came Too Late".

With the turn of the century and with its attending ego and new feeling heightened prosperity came the corresponding avalanche of popular songs. Popular hits became the vogue all the way from "Tix, Tan Alley" to "Mother Machree". Under differentiated leadership and orchestration, music varied also from Paul Whiteman to Spike Jones, and from "Hesitation" to "Fox Trot"; and from the "Siegfried Polkas" to the "Earl Carroll Vanities," until more recently, with what radio and screen are doing for folk music, we are the more inclined to say,

As for the music, you'll manage that easily:

Get a few songs that are written before;

Swipe 'em and change 'em and have 'em sung breezily,

Get an arranger - you'll want nothing more.

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